This Page Is for Boys and Girls

IV.

It was many weeks later when, out of unconsciousness and out of delirium, he came back once more to life and reason.

the was lying on a snowy cot, in a ward of the Garfield Hospital. It was a September Sabbath atternoon. The long room was cool and dim and quiet. Outside, in the corridor, some young girls from a down-town church were softly

singing sweet old gospel hymas. Each Sabbath afternoon they came up to the hospital to sing in the cerridors to the patients; and many an aching head was

sootbed, and many a restless sufferer grew quiet as the sweet young voices floated in with the sweet old words of the hymns. The Jew lay still and listened. They were singing something with the refrain. "O Beulah land! sweet Beulah land!"

As he listened, it all came back to him—all the memory of his lifetime. He could see that one short year of bliss with Rachel, he could see these other years when he had toiled for Rachel's child. He remembered his golden dream of nappiness, he wondered vaguely who was keeping the wooden box where the price of the happiness lay. He thought

price of the happiness lay. He thought of the fire and of his fight with the flames, he thought of his Adah out on Seventh street. And theft, he felt again the thrust of two light flands against his breast, and the thrust of heavy words against his heart.

The doctors making their afternoon rounds, found him free from fever and rational. They spoke cheery words of encouragement

against his heart.



Levi Saving His Child.

laden's three brothers with gifts which she

a magic wealth of learning to its possesso

and the word made him who pronounced it witty and sarcastic. When his brothers had departed each by

a different road which, however, all met again at the castle of Tavastehus, and Askeladen was left alone with his grandmother, she took him by the hand and led him into

a series of vast underground vaults filled

with shelves upon which rested an in-numerable collection of vases, each of which contained a human heart of hearts. Some were swollen with pride, some withered with selfishness, some were drowned in wine and others embedded in

a mass of coins of different sorts.

At last as they passed on they came to one that was as beautiful and pure as crystal, but it did not palpitate like the thers. Indeed, it showed no signs of life. it was as cold as ice and as hard as ada-mant. It was frozen. "This," said Aske-laden's grandmother, "is Frozen flake's heart of hearts. I shall give it into your

WARMING THE HEART.

One day he fell asleep as he rested by

the wayside and awoke to find a hungry more attracted by the crystal heart

of hearts than by the sleeper, trying to

tear it from his bosom. He was terribly tern and bitten before he could draw his kuffe and stab the fierce animal, which immediately vanished. Askeladen knew by this it was no true wolf, but a troll or wood demon. Faint from pain and loss of blood he could secretary draw he can't he can't describe the could secretary draw he can't

of blood he could scarcely drag himself

further on his road. When he came to look at Frost-flake's heart of hearts he

was at first disnayed to see it stained with his blood, but how great his surprise and delight that all coldness and hardness had departed from it, and that it lay like a frightened bird, warm and palpitating in

Once again Birgen Jack tried to please

his wayward daughter and brought to-gether all the wits and verse makers and jesters from all countries within a

month's journey. Among them all non-was as witty as Askeladen's third brother

But, alas! these pleased her least of all.
"We have had bears, woives, and owis,"
she said, "and here are apes and mag-

pies, a congress of fools." She declared they played with words as jugglers do with eggs, and aeither knew nor cared what they were talking about. Last of all,

however, came in a youth in tattered gar-ments, weak and wounded, but who held

ASKELADEN'S VICTORY.

Striking the strings of the instrument

the very moment be now stood before ber, pouring out his heart in song. When she

first met Askeladen's gaze she blushed and turned aside her head. When he sang of his tollsome journey and the perils he encountered she wept, but when he sang

of difficulties and dangers passed and of

the joy on all sides, and especially keen was the joy of old Birgen Jack that the heart of his daughter had become a warm, living, human heart, and that he had with his daughter gained also so worthy a son. Even Askeladen's brothers did not envy

his good fortune, for had they not all they wished for without the princess! And as for the grandmother, although she was over ninety years old, she danced at

the wedding as lively as the best.

his safe arrival at the castle, and his ho that as he touched the strings of his harp the music would be echoed in her soul, she laughed with delight. Great was

Warming "Because," answered the second brother, "Because," answered the second brother, "I shall by marrying Frost-lake acquire great power. I am ambitious." "Because," answered the second brother, "I shall by marrying Frost-lake acquire great power. I also am ambitious." "Because," answered the third brother, "I shall by marrying Frost-lake secure myself in a castle of great strength and live in peace and safety guarded by my soldiers. I am not ambitious." "Because," said Askeladen, "I once saw the princess as she fed the poor at the castle gate and I care so much for her I would give all I have and all I am to take away the shadow that darkens her life."

BY J. CARTER BEARD. It was blowing and sleeting out of doors. "Cold and wet as a dog's nose," declared Sars Sandaker, as he came into

the room stamping and blowing his fingers.
"A dog's nose, indeed," cried pretty Bertha, the forester's daughter, who ac-companied him. "Take my word for it, if the lad who could never learn to shiver and shake. Mother Skaw tells us about in one of her stories, were to step out of the house tonight, he'd shiver and shake to his heart's content."

lo his heart's content."
"That may or may not be," said old Mother Skaw, taking a pinch of snuff from a box made of reindeer horns, but, bless you, the weather can never be as cold as the heart of Frost-flake, the snow workers of Secretary. Birgen Jack, said Mother Skaw, taking

another pinch of snuff, was the first king of the Tavastians. He had a daughter who never laughed or wort. What her real name was is now forgotten, but that ls of little consequence, for she was so told and white and silent that no one thought of calling her anything else than



Back to Her Father's Arms.

Image of snow, and Birgen Jack, when at home from the wars, which it must be pointered was not very often, because Fighting was going on pretty much all the time in those old days, was lonesome in the great castle he had built at Ta-vastehus, where he lived in solitary state with his daughter. He had no other children, and though his

wife died when Frost-flake was born he would not marry again. And so it happened at last, as the girl grew up without any change for the better, that Birgen Jack made proclamation by heralds throughout all the north lands that whoever would not be in described. make his daughter. Frost-fiake, laugh or ween should have her for his wife and at weep should have her for his wire and a her father's death reign in his place over the Tavastian people, for he knew that if she could be made to haugh or weep the spell that held her would be broken and she would become as other maidens are, alive to joy and serrow

/ Now, it chanced at that time there lived bt Rojajok a man named Knutson, who had four sous whom he called North, West, Bouth and East, but the last named, the ingest was always known as Askeladen youngest was always known as assessment. When these four lads heard the proclamation and promise of Birgen Jack they gave their father no rest until he consented to allow them to go to try to break the spell under which the king's daughter suffered, though they, certainly had not the slightest than the ways to be done and were idea how this was to be done, and were obliged to trust their good fortune and their grand mother to find out. Their grandwho was a wise weman, lived our roads met at the borders of a prough which they had to pass to

When they arrived at her house, which was two-thirds underground, they saw a Paven on the grass-grown root that had in some way caught and entangled one of its plaws in the thatch, and could not escape. It had a cell r of gold about its neck, a golden crown upon its head, and the sign of the hammer in gold upon each wing.

The eldest at the brothers fitted an arrow to his bow to shoot the bird that he might st of he ving killed the king of the ravens ever, restrained them both, for he said the raven was so for from being an ordinary bird that he tebeved, for his part, it was not really a tird at all but some one their grandmother had for purposes of her own transformed into a raven and fastened to ich safer to take no notice of it. But Askeladen, much against his brothers, wisher filled his drinking hern at a neighboring brook and taking food from his scrip, gave the raves meat and water and gently dis-entangling its claw allowed it to fly away. The four brothers were greatly au

to see it, after circing about in the air two or three times, dart down the chimney and a momentafter war is their grandmothe for them in at the door.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"We wish you to aid us in making Front-flake laugh and weep," they replied.
"First you must tell me truly why you wish to do this."

L'Bccause, unswered the first broth-

and presidents. She was very proud, and all her imaginings were of noble and of the things. She had never guessed of the dingy shop, the shaby slop-suit, the dirty pavement and the pawnbrokings. 11.

The days went on, and each one added coin to Levi's board and comforts and luxuries manifold to the life of his little ass. Until, suddenly, unexpectedly, there came a terrible change. A fire broke out in the crowded block where the dingy tenements stood so close together. Nobody knew just when or where it started. It was a noonday conflagration, and fierce flames of forked, yellow light were mingled with the glare of August sunshine. The said would procure for them what they wished for the most. To the first brother she gave a sword whose edge would not be turned and would never dull, but would be turned and would never duil, but would cut through the toughest steel as though it were parchinent. To the second she gave a small bag of walrus hide containing seven gold pieces that never became fewer, no matter how many were taken from it, and to the third she whispered a magic word that would secure him from any bodily danger when he pronounced it. Corresponding mental gifts accompanied these presents. The sword rendered its owner the bravest of the brave, the bag brought a magic wealth of learning to its possessor throb of engines and the shouts of firemen sounded out over wails of women made bomeless and imprecations of men mad with

sway. That morning he had locked his shop and had gone to attend an auction sale, where the contents of a ward-robe as well as household effects were to be disposed of. He returned soon after not day to find his block ablaze. The door of his shop had been broken down. It iremen and floods of water were pouring in, smoke and flames were rushing out. With desperate bounds the old Jew fought his way through the wild crowd. He staggered up steep flights of steps till, stifled, burnt and nearly blinded, he reached that high sixth story. To Adah, lying on her lace-draped bed, shut away by that carefully built partition from the sights and sounds of Seventh street—to Adah, talking quietly with her low-voiced Jewish nurse, there stumbled in a wild-eyed, smoke-grimed, hatless, coattless man, who grasped her almost Firemen and floods of water were pouring

in a wild-eved, smoke, there stumbled in a wild-eved, smoke, grimed, hatless, coatless man, who grasped her almost fiercely in his arms, and, signing to the nurse to follow, began a perilous descent of stairways whose dark corners were lighted up by fiames.

The fire was feasting on the rotten woodwork; its blaze was making merry over the foulness found in bricks and mortar. It was the strength of despair that nerved old Levi, as he fought with blinding smoke and glare for the life of his little lass. Down swaying stairways, over falling floors, until at last he stood wathin the little shop where for years he had bought and sold old, faded garments and hoarded away silver coin. Only yesterday he had carried a heavy bag of silver to the bank and had brought back a heavy roll of bills. The bills were under the counter now, locked away with many other rolls, in a stout, square heart of hearts. I shall give it into your keeping. It is your task to soften, to warm, and to bring it to life; to preserve it pure and flawless as it now is until you journey castward and meet her. If you do this the heart of hearts will be transformed into a harp and yours into a song. The goes be with thee, grandson, for thou hast fed and loosed their rayen. Farewell."

many other rolls, in a stout, square wooden box. That box was Levi's only bank, he himself his only trusted banker.

The hoard beneath, the counter represented all his earnings and his savings since the year his wife, Rachel, died. Should he leave his hoard for the flames to devour?

Should be let fate cheat him of his future? Should be let fate cheat him of his future There had been a dream in his old heaft of a day when he and Rachel's child should sall away to the fair land of the Orient - where, among a people of her mother's gentle race and manners, his Adah should live out her life and he begin to live his own more nobly. Should that golden dream of happiness end in a reality

He measured with quick glances the distance to the doorway. There was time to leap the counter, to seize the box, to gain the outer air. Except for the precious burden lying helplessly in his arms! Except for his Adah, who had bold no other treasure. Yet—God of Israel! It was for her! for her! He would save both

it was for her! for her! Be would save both his child and his currency!

Almost like a madman he cleared the space between him and the doorway. Close followed by the Jewish nurse he rushed out to the crowded street. And there, on the dirty Seventh street pavement, from which all her life she had been shut away, his little lass was left by

Thrust hastily into the arms of her faithful Jewish nurse, Adah lifted her great lark eyes up to the well-known face. With a heart-beat of sympathy for the wondering horror she saw within their depths, and with a throb of pain for the revelation she knew had come at last, he Jewish woman clasped her charge more tenderly, and leaned with her against one of the piles of broken furniture which stretched all along the block. She did not speak, she only bent down over the girl's fair face and kissed her long and

lovingly.

"O, Miriam, speak!" cried Adah. "Speak and tell me what it means. Who are these dirty, wretched people? and who was that horrid, wild-looking man who brought me down the stairs? It could not—O Miriam, it could not have been my—"
The word "father" struggled on her tongue and died on her sweet lips.
A harsh voice sounded in her ear, and a



The Brothers and the Raven.

A Lucky --!!! Good !!!!--..... Child.

BY GERALD BRENAN.

By Gerald Brenan.

Between the Malones and the O'Farrells there existed one of these feuds formerly so common among the Irish pensantry. Far back in the local history of Ballycarney, it was said, an O'Ferrall had betrayed a Malone to the English. A second version of the vendetta's origin was that generations before a Malone had been suspected of puriolning certain hens, ducks and other poultry from the O'Farrell farmyard. Whichever account was the true one, the fact remained that, beyond the memory of the oliest inhabitant, the O'Farrells and Malones had been at odds. Indeed, but for the humorous schemes and kindly withal of the Rev. Peter Walsh, the families might have continued foes to this day.

It came to pass that the head of the Malone heasehold was one Shacmus Veg. or "little James," a wiry, argumentative old farmer, who still wore the antiquated knee breeches and buckled shoon of the early century. At the same period the opposition faction was headed by Maurya O'Farrell, an elderly widow; who, being an O'Farrell, both by birth and marriage, naturally cherished a double dislike for the Malones. Her hatrod was fully reciprocated by old Shaemus Veg.

For years Father Walsh, the village pastor, labored earnestly to make peace between

the Malones. Her hatrod was fully reciprocated by old Shaemus Veg.

For years Father Walsh, the village pastor,
labored earnestly to make peace between
the warring households, but in vain. Shaemus Veg positively declined to meet Mrs
O'Farrell half way in the negotiations for
peace; while the widow was equally determined on the opposite side. Father Walsh
would have given up the attempt in despair
had not fate come to his reacue by introducing Kathy Ryan upon the scene.

Kathy Ryan was a baby-and a remarkably plump and vociferous baby at
that. Her father and mother were wellto-do farmer folk; but newcomers to Bailycarney. For the latter reason they had
no ties of relationship with the reopletriny a singular fact in the Ballycarney
family where almost every family is related or connected in some way, near or
distant, with every other. The Ryans,
having no kin in the parish, asked Father
Walst to choose for them suitable sponsors
to act at the christening of their daughter.

At this the good priest smilled happily:

At this the good priest smilled happily:

to act at the christening of their daughter.

At this the good priest smilled happily; and proposed the names of Shaemas Veg Malone and the Widow O'Farrell.

Stranghtway to Snacmus and the widow went Farmer Ryan. It was quite a compliment in Bullycarney to be asked to "stand" as godfather or godmother; so that, since neither was told the name of the other sponsor, both leaders in the O'Farrell-Malone feud consented to be present actue baptismal font of Baby Kathy. When the truth did leak out, they were too proud to withdraw their promises, being fearful withal that such a withdrawal might be regarded as cowardice.

The christening day arrived, and half Bullycarney assembled to witness the meeting between Shaemus Veg and the widow. But if fallycarney expected any undue display of temper or the like, Baitycarney must have been bitterly disappointed. Little Kathy Ryan's sponsors bore themselves with the utmost dignity. Not a single glance did they exchange through the ceremony, and when, in the churchyard afterward, Father Waish tried to use the joint sponsorship as an exense of making peace, they merely de-

Waish tried to use the joint sponsorship as an excuse of making peace, they merely de-cimed his kind offices with thanks, and went their several ways. Years passed, and Kathy Ryan grew out



'Want to pick flowers an' bear the corn So into the fragrant fields she went; and the raptures thereof were more al-ioring than ever. So much so indeed that she stayed out of the beaten track into

the Kilcesha woods, and even across the boundaries of Castle Carney park. THE ALARM. The Widow O'Farret came back from marketing about noon; and a vexed woman she was when she learned that Kathy had left the farm without seeing her.

"An' me bringin' her sweets from Bal-lycarney fair, too!" she complained. "Af-ter dinner I'll put on my cleak and go across the fields to Mrs. Ryan's."

It happened that not long before Shas-mus Veg had returned from his meadowing

to hear of Kathy's fruitless visit.

"Afther dinner," he said, "I'll take my stick an' walk down to Ryan's."

The two-sponsorsarrived at Farmer Ryan's yard gate about the same time, and great was their consternation when they discovered that Kathy had not returned from her loaner.

by gypsics."
"I'll go out an'scarch for ber," exclaimed

"In good an scarch for her, exchanged Shaemes Veg, starting off at a round pace down the boreen.
"Faith, an" if he searches for her, I'll search for her, too," cried the widow."
"Tis me she came to see, anybow, not that thief o' the world."

that thief o' the world."

Down the narrow borsen after Shaemus sped Mrs. O'Farrell, and, being of sturdler build than the little farmer, it was notlong before she overtook him. Shaemus gave her a baleful look out of his eye-corner, but said no word; and so, side by side, the twain clattered in pursuit of the missing Kathy.

"She has gone into the woods," muttered Shaemus

twain clattered in pursuit of the missing Kathy.

"She has gone into the woods," muttered Shaemus.

The widow stared. "Were ye speakin' to me, sir?" she demanded, haughtlly; but Shaemus shook his head contemptuously and made as if to vault the wood, en stile. Shaemus, however, forgot that he was no longer what is called in Hally-carney, "soople." He caught one foot in the stile-bar and rolled heavily over into the wood beyond. When he tried to walk he found that his ankle had been painfully twisted.

At first the Widow O'Farrell smiled grimly at this accident; but when she had gone a little way into the wood and, looking back, had seen Shaemus scated on a boulder, nursing his foot mournfully, her better nature asserted itself. "Misther Malone," she said, "there's no love lost between us; but ye have a right

love lost between us; but ye have a right to look for Kathy Ryan the same as I have. Without takin' any liberties, or

have. Without takin any hoernes, or hatin' you an' yours any less, I make bould to offer you my arm." Shaemus Veg, after due consideration, took the proffered aid. "Mrs. O'Farrell," was his reply, "I don't want your friend-ship, an' you don't want mine. Today, howsomever, we have a common object ma'am. We're searchin' for our los child. I take your arm with thanks."

THE RECONCILIATION. It was in the Castle Carney woods, how-ever, that the sponsors received a shock which all but completely unnerved them. They had gone on for some distance without finding any sign of Kathy, when, on reaching the bank of the river Fear, which at this point ran through the park, they stopped and looked at each other with

"Could she have fallen in? It is deep

Shure she may not be drowned, at all." Shaemus Veg!" said the widow, sitting up. "This is a warnin' to you an' me. Here we are keepin' up our sinful factions -flyin' in the very face of Providence. What luck could we expect from such work

"True for ye. Maurya-true for you," nuttered Shaemus. nutiered Shaemus.

For the first time in their lives these two had called each other by their Chris-

ian names. Then somewhat shamefacedly, and with downcast eyes, they made a solemn coven-nut that if Providence should restore to them unharmed, their mutual godchild, he Malone-O'Farrell faction should be a an end, and they should shake hands upon

Hardly had they completed the terms of this compact when there came wafted of this compact when there came warted toward them on the breeze, a sound as welcome as it was familiar—the sound of a childish voice which both knew and loved. The voice was singing a quaint old Gaelic ballad, the song of the Fear River, and the hearts of this old couple leaped in unison with the lilting measure-

"It's Kathy," cried the widow; and, clutching Shaemus by the arm, she half dragged, half helped him along the bank in the direction whence the voice pro-



Although the old proverb, "seeing is believing," is a very popular one, there is another truer and better worth our consideration which teils us "Appearances are deceitful."

It is true that all we know of what is about us comes to us through our five senses. It is as though we ourselves, were shut up inside our bodies and had to depend on these servants of ours, sreing, smelling, hearing, tasting and feeling to get all the ideas we can ever have of the nature and qualities of things. These servants of ours, though of the greatest possible use to us, are, I am sorry to have to admit, not always as reliable as they might be. Sometimes one will tell one story and another will contradict it and tell a different one. Sometimes two or three will agree in what they tell us and two or three disagree with them and possibly with each other. Very often they have to be carefully cross-questioned and then reports compared before anything like the truth of what they tell us can be arrived at.

Here, for instance, is a thing that our sense of sight, added by our sense of feel-



ng assure us is a coffee bean, but it petther smells nor tastes like one. It is, in fact, a counterfeit made of pressed dough, or some such matter, dried and baked and colored to deceive the unwary. Cross the first and second fingers and roll a small marble between their inner edges on the palm of your other hand and your on the palm of your other hand and your sense of feeling insists there are two one. If you play this trick upon a playmate and make him close his eyes, so that he cannot correct one sense by another, he will believe he really has two marbles between his fingers.

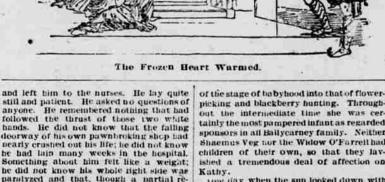
Ventriloquists deceive our sense of bearing very perfectly and completely. I know of one little miss who burst into indig-nant tears because the showman, who had been holding an animated conversation with two or three very witty puppets, incon-tinently doubled them up, thrust them into a box, and slammed the lid down upon them. Even the lower animals are frequently imposed upon by their senses. A single example will suffice. There are fungus growths, plants of the toadstool family, which smell so exactly like spoiled meat that blow-flies lay their eggs upon them, and the larvae, when hatched, starve

None of our senses are as readily imposed upon as our sense of sight. In figure 1 in the accompanying illustration the thin line looks longer than the thick board from which it springs, yet by actual measurement it is the same. The proportions of a figure give us an idea of height apart from the real size of an object. A slender person looks taft, a stout person short. In figure 2 the curved figures appear of different sizes, the upper one is not really similer than the lower. In figure short. In figure 2 the curved figures appear of different sizes, the upper one is not really smaller than the lower. In figure 3 the two parallel lines appear to diverge. Figure 4 represents a gothic arch bisected at one side by a straight column, the apex of the arch being at A. On looking at the two sides of the arch it seems impossible that both can be of the same degree of curvative, or that the lines of the shorter side if extended will join those of the longer one. It can, however, be very easily proved by drawing two lines with a pencil across the straight bisecting lines, when the arch will at once appear in its proper form. Although until this is done the eye refuses to perceive the fact, and the appearance of two dissimilar arches continues. Many optical illusions of this kind exist, but those here given are sufficient to show how little the eyes can be depended on, even when without trick or artifice simple diagrams of the sort here shown are placed before them.

A Distinction.

Mr. Swift-You told me that this horse was without fault, but I notice that one of his eyes is blind. Dealer-Sure; that's not his fault, sor, it's his misfortune, - Vanity.

Prepared for Emergencies "It's gone!" she cried: "my bathing suit!"
He answered: "Don't lose hope,
We'll find it soon, for, see! I've got
A pocket microscope!" - Town Topics



hands. He did not know that the falling deorway of his own pawnbroking shep had nearly crushed out his life; he did not know he had hair many weeks in the hospital. Something about him felt like a weight; he did not know his whole right side was paralyzed and that, though a partial re parayzed and that, though a partial re-covery was pow assured to him, he would never walk again. He did not know that while he had been unconscious or raving in wild debrum the critical operation he had dreaded for his child had been performed successfully—that tended by her faithful Jewish nurse, the surgeon's instruments ful Jewish nurse, the surgeon's instruments had done their famous work, and now, in that very hospital, his Adah was fast learning to walk. He knew none of these things and he asked no questions. It seemed to him that nothing worth knowing about could follow the thrust of those little white hands. The singing in the corridor had ceased. He lay quite still and watched the gints of September smalight as they glunced through the shaded windows.

something brighter than the smalight

something brighter than the sunlight was coming into the mom. Something sweeter than the singing was stealing to his bedside. A low-wheeled chair, rolled by a Jewish woman, a fair young girl with outstretched arms und pleading face.

They had told ber to be very calm, but she felt upon his neck and wept there a long while. Then she raised her tear-stained face, only to lay it close beside his on the pillow.

"My father! my father!!" she solbted. "I love you with all my heart. I never used to know you in those other days. I know you now and I love you. See, father! I can really walk. I am growing stronger every day, and it is my turn now to take care of you all your life."

The white hands that had thrust him away from her were reached out to him pleadingly. He took them in his own and kissed them, then laid them, as baim, on his sore heart.

pleadingly. He took toes in his baim, on kissed them, then laid them, as baim, on

Many more weeks followed before the doctors pronounced old Levi as well as he would ever be. Many more weeks followed before Adah's cure was complete But there came a day when a ship sailed out of a suniff harbor and steered straight for a far eastern shore. On the deck sat a white-haired man, who the deck sat a white-haired man, who looked like the pictures of the patriarchs. By his side stood a beautiful, dark-eyed young girf, whose every movement told of love and tender care for the old man. A gestle-faced Jewish woman was in the thackground. They were sailing to the batt. The wealth of the wooden box was theirs to command, a mutual love which knew no conceaments and dreaded no disclosures was theirs to make them even riches. Out of a sunfit harbor, over summer seas, they sailed; to the far land of the Orienthe sunrise land—where should dawn a new and nobler life for-Levi's little lass.

Convalency face.

Doctor—The matter with you is that you rant to be out more.

Patient—I'll be out enough when I get our bill, Doctor.—Youkers Statesman.

tainly the most pampered infant as regarded sponsors in all Ballycarney family. Neither Shaemus Veg nor the Widow O'Farrett had children of their own, so that they lavished a tremendous deal of affection on Kathy.
One day when the sun looked down with his kindlest smile upon the young corn in his kinohest smile upon the young corn in the valley, Kathy's mother tied a sheitering bonnet about the child's head and sent her

across the meadows foward the farmhouse of the Widow O'Farrell. It was pleasant in the meadows that morning. There were grasshoppers innumerable, whose intermita-quiver. Then there was a cornerake, rasping out estentations expressions of happiness, from a distant corner. Flowers grew by every stile, and in the streams small

Small wonder was it that Kathy delayed many times along the field-path, or that, when she finally reached the widow's house it was only to find that buxom dame already gone forth to do her marketing.
"Godmother not within," comm "Godmother not within," communed the wise little woman with herself. "Kathy go an' see godfather."

Suiting the action to the word, she tod-dled out of the O'Farrell farmyard and turned along the uphili path towards Shae

turned along the uphill path towards Shaemus Veg's.

But Shaemus was absent from home also, for there were meadows a-mowing and hay a-making along the hill slopes. Kathy was disappointed, but her spirits revived when she remembered the myriad pleasures of of the footpath and began to retrace her footsteps. Mrs. O'Farrell's dairymaid and the ploughman at Shaemus Malone's had alke tried to pursade her to stay; but Kathy would not be stayed, for she had a will of her own and was, perhaps, just a little spoilt to boot.

"Kathy come back by an' by," she said.

